

THE TROY HERALD.

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TROY, MISSOURI.

Debit and Credit.

It was a crime once, a grave and heinous offense, to owe money. Sacred and profane history combine to teach us that lesson. The Mosaic law had been mild in its treatment of the unfortunate debtor. Did he mortgage his few acres of vineyard, his little patch of wheat, or the field of millet, the inconvenience he might sustain from foreclosure was but a temporary one. The sacred jubilee would soon come round, and then the scrap of sequestered ground must be restored. Was it his cloak that he had pawned to the Mordcau of the frippery shop, close under the carved porch of mighty Barzillel, the trader-of Barzillel, who had a thousand camels plying between the Holy City and heathen, ox-worshipping Egypt, and whose humblest jackal and lion's provider, Mordcau, son of Laul, was understood to be—the poor borrower must have his mantle, his heavy Arab haluk of striped wool, returned to him before the hot sun of a Syrian day gave place to the frosty chill of a Syrian night; and this because the Lawgiver had been careful, more than a thousand years before, of the health of the needy. But Greeks, under the descendants of Alexander's conquering captains, came into Palestine. And after Greeks came Romans. The civil law, the stern spirit of which was old when Justinian composed his pandects, was in its crude immaturity thrust upon the fanatic, money-getting, perfidious people of Judea. It faced very ill with the debtor then. Prison, slavery, the sale of wife and children, were, as we learn from Holy Writ, the doom of the defaulter. The great rich men of the warring sect, the stiff, sour Pharisees, the cold, fashionable Sadducees, cultured Hebrew gentlemen who would have been Grecian philosophers if they had not chanced to be born Jews, were in no danger of arrest; the mere vulgar suffered. It was of no use to allege the ancient ordinances of Moses, for the troubles of the debtor somehow were not of the nature that could rouse an angry mob of fire-eyed enthusiasts to fling away their lives on the spears of the legionaries. Debit and credit were in those days words of terrible significance. Rome, hard in her dealings with all persons of dependent position, was not very merciful to the debtor. The spirit of classic civilization was not lenient toward those who could not pay.

From the Athenian citizen tugging at the ear of somebody's galee in acquittance of a debt for which the just men of Athens had adjudged the temporary services of one freeman to another, down to the time when Otho's despairing cry for civil war was prompted by his enemies in the field as by his creditors in the city, the same harsh reading of the statutes held good. Our Gothic ancestors were from the very first extremely severe against the insolvent. Pay, pay, was the cry of these antique legislators whom Tacitus belauded as some of our honorable gentlemen applaud the Maori and the Chinaman; and any thing in old Germany and older Scandinavia might be atoned for by money. To kill a prince cost a heavy wergeld. To make boot for an earl orthane was an expensive luxury. The murder of a plain freeman was costly, when gauged by the value of gold. Slaves could be killed as cheaply as pigs or oxen nowadays. The burning of a house or barn cost this or that. The same compendious tariff took in every shade and variety of outrage, and a Teutonic police magistrate of the time would simply have produced a price-list and drawn up his bill for presentation to the dashing young gentleman who stood at the bar taxed with two or three breaches of the De-bu-logue. Those who could not pay, the debtors hopelessly on the debit side of the book, found but scant mercy in Rome, small pity among the hardy tribes pressing on the northwestern frontiers of the great, soft, ruinous empire. To sell a Roman citizen as a slave in Rome was of course illegal; nay, so stoutly had the tribune fought for the popular liberties that when Augustus wore such indistinct purple as he ventured to don, the old thumb-screws and dungeons for back-sliding debtors were almost as much out of date as in the America of the nineteenth century.—*Exchange.*

Artificial Ice.

A patent ice company, for the manufacture of ice by artificial means, has just been started in Glasgow, Scotland. In 1851 an Australian gentleman took out a patent for the artificial production of ice. His principle consisted in the free distillation of ether in closed vessels, surrounded by a non-congealing saline fluid, which latter passed round about metal vessels containing fresh water in process of freezing. Many other patents have since been taken out. M. Carre, of France, is the inventor of a machine in which ammonia is employed as the working substance. Mr. Kirk, of the firm of John Field & Co., of Glasgow, has solved the problem of making ice by the mere mechanical compression and expansion of enclosed atmospheric air. With his latest and most improved machine Mr. Kirk can make one ton of ice with about 300 weight of coal. The machines now in operation are each capable of producing five tons of ice in twenty-four hours, and are horizontal in action. They are driven by a steam piston fifteen inches in diameter and twenty-four inch stroke, and the shafts make from fifty-eight to sixty revolutions per minute. The vacuum pump is twenty inches in diameter and twenty-four inches stroke, and is attached by suitable pipes to an ether evaporator on one side and an ether condenser on the other. The evaporator is a large cylinder, while the non-congealing saline mixture, in this case brine, circulates within the tubes, and is kept in motion by a means of a double acting pump. The water used is the rain-fall on the roofs of buildings, which is collected in a large tank. When ready for working the evaporator is partly filled with ether, and the pump causing a vacuum, the ether boils and supplies the vacuum, the ether boils and supplies the vacuum. After the ether has been condensed it returns to the evaporator through an ether meter. There are eight large tanks, each capable of holding six

tons of water. The slabs of ice are removed by the use of rectangular pans of iron, which are frozen into the ice and afterward removed by the thawing. The ice made by the company is invariably at a temperature of from 14 to 18 degrees below the freezing point of water, and it keeps much longer than natural ice, which is always at 33 degrees Fahrenheit when in the market. It will thus be seen that the usual order of things has been reversed, and that in this case nature is beaten by mechanical art.—*Inter-Ocean.*

The Crescent and the Cross.

The Acheenese have been giving the Dutch authorities in Sumatra much more trouble than we at one time deemed possible. Acheen proper covers but a small portion of the island, and of the four millions of population the Acheenese scarcely exceed six hundred thousand. The Acheenese are Mussulmans and are under the government of a man who is honored with the title of Sultan. It has always been understood that outside of Acheen proper the Mohammedans had little influence. It would seem, however, that the Sultan of the little territory puts himself at the head of a powerful organization, whose principal object is to drive the Dutch from the island. The Dutch traders on the island and the Dutch troops together have not found themselves strong enough to subjugate the Sultan or to force him to terms. On the other hand, the Sultan is not strong enough to put down the Dutch. What is the result? The Dutch Governor sends home asking more troops. The Sultan sends imploring notes to Constantinople asking assistance. The government at The Hague has sent out reinforcements. The Ottoman Porte, according to our latest news, has sent out twelve war vessels to assist the Acheenese against the Dutch. It would be a strange thing in these times if Holland and Turkey went to war. It is undeniable, however, that the Crescent and the Cross are now contending for supremacy in Sumatra. The Mussulman perhaps takes more interest in this out-of-the-way fight than the Christian. But the Christian must not be indifferent, for the triumph of the Mussulman in Acheen might kindle the war torch in Hindostan and wrap Asia in flames. We can hardly believe that even in Sumatra the Cross will yield to the Crescent.—*New York Herald.*

The Shah's Manners.

The Shah's manners are "perfectly horrid," according to a Berlin correspondent. He has no idea of punctuality, and ruthlessly breaks engagements, even with the royal personages who are his hosts; he actually kept Mrs. Emperor William of Prussia waiting for him half an hour, one morning. Then he eats with his fingers, and getting held of something that didn't suit his pampered palate, one day, he threw it on the Empress' dress. He speaks French fluently, but is ill at ease when there is a crowd around, and "balances first on one foot and then on another, like a hen on a hot griddle." He went to the theater, one night, escorting the Empress Augusta, but when he had led her to the front of the imperial box, he planked himself down in his chair, leaving her to do the bowing, in response to the music and rising of the audience. At the end of the first act, the Shah rose, and instead of offering his arm to the Empress, caught hold of her and pushed her along, and as she didn't go fast enough to suit him, he cast off his tow-robe and forged ahead, leaving her to haul up alone! "at the entrance to the salon. He is grumpy and hard to please, too, and not the sort of a man one likes to entertain. Altogether, he is a troublesome guest for the European potentates, and if reports are true, they would be pleased to hear of a revolt in his harem, or a rebellion among his subjects, requiring his immediate presence in Persia.—*Ex.*

The Signs of Madness in Dogs.

The *British Medical Journal* calls attention to the measures recommended by the Council of Hygiene, of Bordeaux, for the better protection of the people against the dangers of hydrophobia. The madness of dogs has a period which is premonitory and harmless. If these periods were generally known the dogs could be put out of the way before they became dangerous. On this subject the Council of Hygiene has issued the following instructions:

"A short time, sometimes two days, after madness has seized a dog, it creates symptoms in the animal which it is indispensable to recognize.

"First. There is agitation and restlessness, and the dog turns himself continually in his kennel. If he be at liberty, he goes and comes, and seems to be seeking something; then he remains motionless, as if waiting; then he starts, bites the air, as if he could catch it, and dashes himself, howling and barking, against the wall. The voice of his master dissipates these hallucinations, the dog obeys, but slowly, with hesitation, as if with regret.

"Second. He does not try to bite; he is gentle, even affectionate, and he eats and drinks, but gnaws his litter, the ends of curtains, the padding of cushions, the coverlets of beds, carpets, &c.

"Third. By the movement of his paws about the sides of his open mouth one might think he was trying to free his throat of a bone.

"Fourth. His voice undergoes such a change that it is impossible not to be struck by it.

"Fifth. The dog begins to fight with other dogs; this is a decidedly characteristic sign if the dog be generally peaceful.

The three symptoms last mentioned indicate an advanced period of the disease, and that the dog may become dangerous at any moment if immediate measures are not taken."

"A little girl of Athol, Mass., whose 'mysterious disappearance' for several days baffled the search of her family and friends, was last week recovered through information of her whereabouts obtained from a 'noted spiritualist,' and, strange to say, this noted spiritualist has, it is been arrested for complicity in kidnapping.

Let us not fear that the issues of natural science shall be complicated or anarchy. Through all God's works there runs a beautiful harmony. The remotest truth in His universe is linked to which lies nearest the Throne.—*Acacia.*

Unmentionables.

During the time of Charles I. the short, slashed breeches then in vogue were gayly ornamented with knots of ribbon, which, under Puritanism and Protectorate, was abandoned, as were most of the ornaments of dress, although the general shape remained. About this period there appeared on the British stage a comic actor named Tarleton, who adopted the loose flowing breeches of the rustics, as his character demanded, and which were called from the dress of a comic actor, "pantlions," derived from the Italian *pantalone*. So popular was the actor that, although such breeches were the sign of a low, ignorant fellow, they became suddenly the fashion. The capricious gauds of London, following the impulse of the moment, discarded their ribbons and slashed breeches, and unconscious symbolizing with their dress liberty, equality, and fraternity with capital letters, put on the pantlions, the dress of the people. Their restoration brought back Charles II. and his foreign retinues, with their lace, ruffles, and frills, and their ample petticoat breeches just from France, and thus the democratic effect of Tarleton's pantlions was almost entirely checked. During the reign of the handsome, attractive young reprobate, dress and science were the topics of the moment. Grave cabinet meetings were held on these subjects. Never was clothing more costly and regal, until Charles himself gave the death blow. "The king hath declared his intention in council of setting a fashion for clothes which he will never alter, to set the nobility an example of thrift. It is to be a long cassock of black cloth, plinked with white silk. Lord Albans objected to the plinking." So writes Pepys, and we learn that Lord Albans' objection was that it made him look like a magpie. To this fashion Charles adhered to his death, adjusting his countenance to his solemn costume down to his death. But while kings and rulers were thinking only of the frivolities of dress, pantlions and patriotism were becoming dear to the hearts of the people. When, on the morning of the 14th of July, Paris gathered in front of the Bastille, and left not one stone upon another, France took a long step forward. At the same time fell away like filthy rags the frills, wigs, shoe-buckles, embroidered waistcoats, and velvet coats glittering in gold and silver, and in their stead appeared "the pantlions, the republican boot, and the useful black coat." This was the beginning of the end; forever wedded together are the rights of man and pantlions. The French, aspiring always higher than they are able to reach, undertook the science of government and of pantlions. In the latter, the English, first inspired by them, have reached a perfection hitherto unattained. In the former it has been reserved to our own country to enjoy that form of government which is yet only the Frenchman's ideal, but to ward which he is always striving. Pantlions, however, have become a settled institution in all civilized countries, and it is improbable that any garment can take their place.—*Ex.*

Social Distinctions.

Old Judge D—, of Dover, N. H., father of a Judge of the same initial in New Orleans, who has been the object of much ridicule lately, was one of the most aristocratic of men, and admitted of no approaches from those of plebeian clay. Of such clay was a young tradesman and his wife, who aspired to exalted associations, and who were especially desirous of entering the society of which Judge D. was the center. An occasion was eagerly sought for, and at last one offered itself in the funeral of a daughter of the family, which was to occur at a certain time. They accordingly prepared to attend and made extra preparations to appear as respectable as any of the mourners. Upon their approaching the house, Judge D. saw them through the window, and guessing their intention, met them himself at the door. "To what am I indebted for this visit?" asked the judge, in tones of frigid civility. "We have come to attend the funeral," was the timid reply. "Funeral!" echoed the judge, as if thinking; "ah! yes, indeed! I believe I heard something about a funeral that was to take place down back here, somewhere. Good afternoon!" The pair moved away at more than a funeral gait, satisfied that not even death could break down the barrier of cultivated pride.

A "Delusion."

A curious illustration of the theory of "delusion," has come to our knowledge. It gains added interest from the fact that the parties are residents of Westfield, Mass. The victim is the present inst nee is a young lady, and her "delusion" is that she is going to marry an unmarried male teacher in the normal school. Circumstances can, of course, be conceived under which such a frame of mind might be eminently adapted to give satisfaction to both parties, but unfortunately in the present case the prospective husband has not the slightest desire to figure in that role—at least with the lady in question. The latter is represented as sane enough on all other subjects than that of her desired marriage. Even the information that her supposed lover has decidedly different intentions in the matrimonial line does not shake the unfortunate woman's belief that she is destined to be his wife unless perchance his hard-hearted family forces him to a marriage which she believes that at heart he loathes. It is a curious fact, by the way, that this is not the first time a teacher in the same school has been the object of a similar passion, a lady pupil of a former instructor having for some time labored under the impression that she was his betrothed wife, while the man was in blissful ignorance of the slightest degree of tender feeling toward her. It is certainly to be hoped this sort of thing isn't going to be "catching;" an epidemic of "delusions" wouldn't be particularly pleasant.—*Springfield Republican.*

The rival Methodist churches, North and South, in St. Louis, met in the First Methodist Episcopal church, South, on Washington avenue and Eighth street, and had a general season of brotherly fraternization and love-feast experience meeting. This union movement was altogether the work of the laymen on both sides, and the results are expected to be most blessed.

Trying an Experiment.

He came in with an interrogation point in one eye and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view. "I want to see," says he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which crabs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went off calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth—

"Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and moistened his serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as though he was weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added, in a somewhat louder tone:

"Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so. I presume so. They told me before I came that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with him. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps."

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece. I don't think, but I want to see the man that printed it just a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives just next door to my house, when I'm to home, and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk, he goes home and breaks dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes he gets a gun and he goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant."

"Not that I want to say anything about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk yesterday, and broke all the kitchen windows out of the house, and followed his wife around with a carving knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece; it wasn't much of a piece, and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and a square thing all around. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?" Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick, and replied with increased emotion: "Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robin-on; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man you ever saw; and Mr. John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. He is a good deal stouter. Bla—bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday, and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he is the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked innocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew, but I don't hold any grudge against John Smith. I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against, only I want to see that man that printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until about 6 o'clock in the evening, and then went up street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1878.—*Utica Herald.*

—Rev. John P. Williamson, missionary among the Dakotas, calls upon the Presbyterian Board to establish missions among the Whiteside, Fort Peck, Red Cloud and Grand River Indians, who number in the aggregate 35,000 souls, who have not a single Presbyterian church or missionary among them. The Dakotas, with whom Mr. Williamson is laboring, number 40,000, and are the largest Indian tribe in our country.

—The boys of Zanesville, O., are indignant at the interference of irresponsible private citizens with their vested right of bathing in the city reservoir.

Cholera and Pain-Killer.—PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—This unparalleled preparation is receiving more testimonials of its wonderful efficacy in removing pains, than any other medicine ever offered to the public. And these testimonials come from persons of every degree of intelligence, and every rank of life. Physicians of the first respectability, and perfectly conversant with the nature of diseases, and remedies, recommend this as one of the most effectual in the line of preparations for the cure of Cholera, Cholera Morbus and kindred bowel troubles now so common among the people.

Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—Sanford's Liver Regulator is a truly valuable Cathartic and Tonic for dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Bilious Attacks and all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Be sure of the name.

WINNING GOLDEN OPINIONS.—Perhaps no man living has won more golden opinions than Dr. Walker, as the enormous and widely increasing sale of his CALIFORNIA VINCOGA BITTERS attests. We never look into one of our exchanges, but there is a panegyric of the Bitters staring us in the face. Our readers will say that there must be a reason for all this praise. They are right. The efficacy of this celebrated medicine is established by evidence which it is impossible to doubt. Among the thousands who have borne testimony to its excellence, there is not one dissentient voice. In very many phases of inorganic disease it seems to be unfailing. All diseases arising from a vitiated state of the blood are surely eradicated by it. It is an effectual remedy for pulmonary complaints, bilious, remittent and intermittent fevers, rheumatism and dyspepsia. It purges the body of all unhealthy humors, gives tone to the system, and where the vital powers are enfeebled, restores their functions to vigorous and healthy action. All this it does the more effectually because its operation is not interfered with by the presence of alcohol. The VINCOGA BITTERS is perfectly free from any such hurtful ingredient. We have always believed that plants contain the true remedies for disease, and all the remedies necessary. Dr. Walker is on the line of real progress, and we hope that he will not rest on his present discoveries.

SOMETHING THAT TAKES.—The three-fold combination agency for selling "Health and Wealth of the Boundless West." There is much sure money in it. See advertisement.

If you desire rosy cheeks and a complexion fair and free from Pimples, Blisters and Eruptions, purify your blood by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has no equal for this purpose. 647

We copy the following from an exchange, which is important, if true:—Chronic diarrhoea of long standing, also dysentery, and all similar complaints common at this season of the year, can be cured by the use (internally) of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. We know whereof we affirm.

FOR FARMERS.—"Health and Wealth of the Boundless West." It is new, and having a wonderful sale. Advertised in this paper.

The cathartics used and approved by the physicians comprising the various medical associations of this State are now compounded and sold under the name of *Parsons' Purgative Pills*.

A BUSINESS THAT PAYS.—See advertisement of "Health and Wealth of the Boundless West." One Agent is clearing \$200 per week.

SCROFULA, and Scrofulous Affections in all their forms, are cured by Dr. Jayne's Alternative, and by persisting in its use, the taint is driven from the system.

If you are thirsty, drink water; if you have Ague, take Shallenberger's Antidote. The result will be alike satisfactory in both cases. Try it.

The Career of a Great Remedy.—Twenty summers have elapsed since we briefly announced that a new vegetable tonic and alterative, bearing the name of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, had been added to the list of "preventive and Restorative medicines." The modest advertisement which invited attention to the preparation, stated that it had been used with great success, in private practice, as a cure for dyspepsia, bilious complaints, constipation and intermittent fever. It was soon discovered that the art it possessed extraordinary properties. The people, of every class, tested its merits as a tonic, stimulant, corrective and restorative, and found that its effects more than fulfilled their hopes and expectations. From that time to the present its course has been upward and onward, and it stands today at the head of all medicines of its class. American or imported, in the magnitude of its sales and its reputation as a safe, agreeable and potent invigorant and restorative. For languor and debility, lack of appetite and gastric disturbance, a common during the summer months, it is absolutely invaluable. Indigestion, bilious disorders, constipation, nervousness, periodical fever, and all the ordinary complaints generated by a vitiated and humid atmosphere, vanish under its renovating and regulating influence. This is its record, avouched by volumes of intelligent testimony, extending over a period of a fifth of a century, and comprehending the names of thousands of well-known citizens belonging to every class and calling. In Europe it is thought a great thing to obtain the patronage of royalty; a patent medicine, but Hostetter's Bitters has been spontaneously approved by multitudes of independent sovereigns, and its patent consists in their indorsement.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 10, 1878.	
BEEF CATTLE—Live	11.00 @ 12.50
HOGS—Live	5.12 @ 5.25
Sheep—Live	4.00 @ 4.50
COTTON—Middling	13.00 @ 13.25
FLOUR—Good to Choice	6.50 @ 7.00
WHEAT—Spring No. 2	1.41 @ 1.44
CORN—Western Mixed	.28 @ .29
OATS—Western, New	.44 @ .45
RYE—Western	.60 @ .62
PORK—Mess, New	17.50 @ 17.75
LARD	9 @ 9.25
CHICAGO.	
BEEVES—Choice	5.50 @ 5.80
Good	5.20 @ 5.40
Fair	4.75 @ 5.00
Medium	3.75 @ 4.00
HOGS—Live	4.30 @ 4.75
Sheep—Good to Choice	4.50 @ 5.00
FLOUR—White Winter Extra	7.50 @ 8.50
Spring Extra	6.00 @ 6.75
GRAIN—Wheat—Spring	1.34 @ 1.35
No. 2	1.16 @ 1.17 1/2
Corn—No. 2	.36 @ .37
Oats	.29 @ .29 1/2
Rye—No. 2	.60 @ .60 1/2
Barley—No. 2	.60 @ .60 1/2
LARD	8 @ 8 1/2
PORK—Mess, New	15.75 @ 15.90
BUTTER—Choice	18 @ 19
EGGS—Fresh	12 1/2 @ 13
CINCINNATI.	
FLOUR—Family	6.75 @ 7.00
WHEAT—Red	1.40 @ 1.42
CORN—New	.40 @ .42
OATS—New	.34 @ .36
BARLEY—No. 2	.60 @ .62
COTTON—Middling	19 @ 19 1/2
LARD	8 1/2 @ 8 3/4
PORK—Mess, New	16.50 @ 17.00
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling	18 1/2 @ 19
BEEF CATTLE—Choice	8.50 @ 8.75
Good to Prime	7.50 @ 8.00
HOGS—Live	3.85 @ 4.25
FLOUR—XX	6.25 @ 6.75
WHEAT—Winter No. 2	1.00 @ 1.05
CORN—No. 2, Mixed	.25 @ .26 1/2
OATS—No. 2	.40 @ .42
RYE—No. 2	.60 @ .62
BARLEY—No. 2	.60 @ .62
PORK—Mess, New	16.25 @ 16.75
LARD	7 1/2 @ 7 3/4
WOOL—Tub-washed	.47 @ .48
Un-washed	.46 @ .47
MEMPHIS.	
COTTON—Middling	18 @ 18 1/2
FLOUR—Family	6.00 @ 6.50
CORN—New	.38 @ .40
OATS—New	.30 @ .32
NEW ORLEANS.	
FLOUR—Choice and Family	5.00 @ 5.50
CORN—Mixed	.36 @ .37
OATS—New	.28 @ .30
HAY—Choice	2.00 @ 2.10
PORK—Mess	17.25 @ 17.50
BACON—Sides	1.00 @ 1.10
SUGAR—Fair	7 1/2 @ 8 1/2
MOLASSES—Strictly Prime	24 @ 25
WAX—Yellow	12 1/2 @ 13